

Good 411 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

MURDERED BY SLOW INCHES"

I AM not going to talk murder in this story; but I am going to tell you of a man who was worse than a straightforward murderer. And what he forgot.

During the 1914 war there broke out in certain quarters in London the pernicious, soul-destroying habit of doping. It was not known much before that war. It rose to alarming heights during that war. It is going on in this war, too.

Soldiers from overseas were tempted, fell, and became dope-takers. Soldiers at home did the same. Women took "snow" and other drugs. Dope parties were held in the West End.

It got so bad that Scotland Yard held a conference and decided to clean up the dope peddlers. Two well-known actresses died as the result of taking dope. The scandal of dope was developing to unknown heights.

AND now let me present to you the man who was worse than a murderer.

I saw him as he stepped along Piccadilly one day. Suave, well dressed, with white spats, and carrying a gold-mounted cane, with two Pekinese on a silver lead: that was Eddie Manning, the coloured man-about-town. He was known in every shady restaurant and cafe near Shaftesbury Avenue.

It was in 1920 that the Dangerous Drugs Act was passed to help the police. Detective-Inspector Burmby was placed in charge of a special squad to root out the vermin who supplied the drugs. And Burmby knew that Manning was the main supplier. But how?

Manning, the coloured coon, had a flat in Marylebone, and a house in Regent's Park. His housekeeper was a Greek woman. The police went to both places, searched them, but did not find any dope, not a trace of anything to convict Manning; yet he had the stuff somewhere.

Special men watched Manning's every movement. Some people have said that Brilliant Chang was the big dope racketeer. The truth is that the biggest of all was coloured Eddie Manning.

When the police spoke to him he was pleasant, smiling, showing his white teeth, toying with his dogs. He was rolling in money. He had, it was known, his minor employees, who got a rake off his prices; and after he had paid them Manning used to suggest a game of cards. He

took the money back that way. Nobody could beat him at cards. He was as bad as that.

He used girls to peddle his dope. He ruined the girls.

He could supply any kind of drug that was wanted. Nobody ever knew where he got the stuff. But he got it, and always smiled through his white teeth when the police questioned him.

One day, Detective-Inspector Burmby resolved to raid Manning's house in Regent's Park. When he and two other officers entered, there was Manning sitting at a table, playing cards with one of his employees. Manning was winning.

Lying at his feet was a medical bag. He tried to push it under the table, but Burmby saw it.

"What's in the bag, Eddie?" asked the officer. They were always very polite to each other.

Manning drew in a cloud of cigarette smoke, let it slowly trickle through his nose, and answered: "I wasn't feeling well, and a friend gave me some medicine. That's all, Mr. Burmby."

Burmby stretched out his hand and took the bag up, and opened it. Manning did not move; sat smoking easily, and smiling through his teeth.

Inside the bag was a big ball of opium and a pipe. Burmby began a search of the house. He found more opium pipes, and in a closet a few tubes of cocaine.

"You'll come with me, Eddie," he said.



"Sure," said Manning, and rose leisurely.

At the Old Bailey he got three years for that; and when he came out of prison he opened a cafe in Soho and said he was through with dope. But he wasn't; and Detective Burmby knew he wasn't.

That cafe was known to harbour all sorts of undesirables, fallen and falling women, falling and fallen men, addicts, a whole host of night loungers and queer humans.

And there, till the late hours of the night, was Eddie Manning, always with his cigarette in a tube, his white teeth, his gold-mounted cane, and white spats.

He took precautions against another raid on his flat. He bought a particularly fierce Alsatian, kept it chained up in

sister. Your Dad is well—he can only get home at weekends. Family send kind regards to your Norwich shipmate, J. Curtiss.

All's well at home, Leslie. And all send their love.

A.B. Leslie Debbage

A Smile from Your Window

HERE'S news of your people from 14, Earldam-grove, Norwich, Leslie; Dad, Mum and sister Bay are well, and so are brothers Bobby and John. They get home occasionally and always look for news of you.

David is fit and still at Brundall. Some of your pals are camping and wish you were with them. Benny and Dennis seem to miss you rather—just as your other pals do.

Your air-mails have given no end of pleasure at home.

Dad and Mum send their love and hope it won't be long before you come home again. Roll on the day!

Sister Bay is getting on well with French and German with the hope that it will be useful after the war. She hopes it will be over before she speaks German!

By the way, your birthday



"Murder?" Asked The Busy "THIS COON

Stuart Martin
tells the Story

side, so that it gave warning. He told a police officer that nobody would ever "get" him again.

But, in spite of the Alsatian, the flat was raided again. This time not a thing was found. The police were wondering where he kept the stuff with which he was ruining hundreds of young women and men, but although they tapped walls, searched the ceiling, emptied cupboards, Manning never turned a hair.

"Sorry you came," he smiled to Burmby. "I'm going out for a walk. I'll come back later when you're through."

He picked up his gold-mounted cane, and swung it to and fro slowly.

They had to let him go. There was nothing on which they could hold him. But a detective followed. Manning went to his cafe and stayed in full view of the customers. He smiled every now and then, swinging his cane.

It was in this same cafe that the police went several times to rescue girls from the provinces whose parents begged assistance to bring their girls back home. Not every girl went back; but many did—and all were dope addicts.

Yet not one would say where she got the dope. But, by that instinct which guides the natural detective, Burmby knew that Manning had the dope somewhere. One night he took him to the police station. There he was searched from heels to head. His shoe-heels were inspected. Not a sign of dope.

When he was dressed again, Manning stood with that irritating smile on his face. He lifted his gold cane, put his trilby hat on at the right angle, and said he would be going. Swinging his cane, he stepped towards the door—and then Burmby pounced.

For this was how the detective had argued. There was no dope in Manning's pockets, nor in the turn-ups of his trousers, none inside his shoes, nor in hollow heels, none inside his hat, his watch was a real watch, his fountain pen a real pen. BUT Manning had the dope somewhere.

And as the suspicion broke clear into a conviction in Burmby's mind, he leaped forward.

He grabbed the cane which Manning was swinging. He examined it, took it between his two hands, twisted it this way and that—and the secret was out!

There was a spring on the gold knob of that cane, and Detective-Inspector Burmby's fingers pressed it, his gaze on Manning's face.

Manning had stopped smiling, his cigarette sagged from his lips.

The gold knob flew open. The cane was hollow. Inside it the police found a long glass tube. They fished it out, and there, in the tube, was the cocaine, all ready to be handed over as cigarettes. Manning's cigarette fell to the floor.

Well, they had him at last, but they had another charge against him. They had plenty of evidence not only that girls were being ruined by buying dope at his cafe, but they had



GUESS WHAT'S HERE!

A Handful of Joy for You— P.O. Tel. Tom Symons

NO doubt you'll be puzzled why we've "cut" this photo and such like—so that's why about—P.O. Tel. Tom Symons—but there's a good explanation; in fact, it's a long, long story.

It all started on Derby Day, but before we go into all that, let's give you the news you really want—all's well as could be at Number Three Victoria Road, Hebburn-on-Tyne. Your wife and all the folks celebrated your wedding anniversary, and the toast was that the next anniversary would see you together again.

Now let us go back to the story—as we were saying, it all started on Derby Day. Your wife and all the family had a little flutter on Ocean Swell; of course, you can't imagine why they picked that one, can you? Or can you? Anyway, Billy Nevett got his mount home at twenty-eight to one, and the family danced round the radio—all thinking about the party they would have on your homecoming.

We called soon after race-day and caught the family sharing out the winnings; and here's the result: a photograph of your wife holding a bonny handful of quid notes. Well, according to the Treasury wallahs, it's not very legal

Of course, it's not that we really mind mail-bag stitching or rock-breaking on the Moor (though it's not our favourite idea of passing the time), but according to the Law, your family might be roped in with us, and maybe your family doesn't like mail-bag stitching and oakum-picking either!

To be serious, Tom: all at home are well and happy—and all send you their fondest love. And—Good Hunting!

Footnote: Here's the Forgery Act we were referring to:—"Every person shall be guilty of

Many have been ruined by buying good penny-worths.
Benjamin Franklin.

Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows!
Omar Khayyam.

felony, and on conviction thereof shall be liable to penal servitude for any term not exceeding seven years, who, engraves or in anywise makes upon any plate, wood, stone, or other material, any words, figures, letters, marks, lines, or devices, the print whereof resembles in whole or in part any words, figures, letters, marks, lines, or devices peculiar to and used in or on any banknote, or in or on any document entitling or evidencing the title of any person to any share or interest in any public stock, annuity, fund, or debt of any part of His Majesty's Dominions or of any foreign state, or in any stock, annuity, fund, or debt of any body corporate, company, or society, whether within or without His Majesty's Dominions."

Cor blimey! Who'd be a photographer!

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

"MAN OVERBOARD!"

PART 3

IN an instant the sea, which had been comparatively quiet, was running higher and higher; and it became almost as dark as night. The hail and sleet were harder than I had yet felt them, seeming almost to pin us down to the rigging.

We were longer taking in sail than ever before, for the sails were stiff and wet, the ropes and rigging covered with snow and sleet, and we ourselves cold and nearly blinded with the violence of the storm.

By the time we had got down upon deck again the little brig was plunging madly into a tremendous head sea, which at every drive rushed in through the bowports and over the bows and buried all the forward part of the vessel.

At this instant the chief mate, who was standing on the top of the windlass, at the foot of the spenser-mast, called out, "Lay out there and furl the jib!" This was no agreeable or safe duty, yet it must be done.

An old Swede (the best sailor on board), who belonged on the fore-castle, sprang out upon the bowsprit. Another must go. I was near the mate, and sprang forward, threw the downhaul over the windlass, and jumped between the knight-heads out upon the bowsprit.

The crew stood abaft the windlass and hauled the jib down, while we got out upon the weather side of the jib-boom, our feet on the foot-ropes, holding on by the spar, the great jib flying off to leeward and slatting so as almost to throw us off the boom.

For some time we could do nothing but hold on, and the vessel, diving into two huge seas, one after

the other, plunged us twice into the water up to our chins.

John (that was the sailor's name) thought the boom would go every moment, and called out to the mate to keep the vessel off and haul down the staysail; but the fury of the wind and the breaking of the seas against the bows defied every attempt to make ourselves heard, and we were obliged to do the best we could in our situation.

Fortunately no other seas so heavy struck her, and we succeeded in furling the jib "after a fashion"; and, coming in over the staysail nettings, were not a little pleased to find that all was snug and the watch gone below, for we were soaked through, and it was very cold.

We had now got hardened to Cape weather, the vessel was under reduced sail, and everything secured on deck and below, so that we had little to do but to steer and to stand our watch. Our clothes were all wet through, and the only change was from wet to more wet.

The only time when we could be said to take any pleasure was at night and morning, when we were allowed a tin pot full of hot tea, sweetened with molasses. This, bad as it was, was still warm and comforting, and, together with our sea biscuit and cold salt beef, made quite a meal.

Yet even this meal was attended with some uncertainty. We had to go ourselves to the galley and take our kid of beef and tin pots of tea and run the risk of losing them before we could get below. Many a kid of beef have I seen rolling in the scuppers and the bearer lying at his length on the decks.

We were now well to the westward of the Cape, and were changing our course to the northward as much as we dared, since the strong south-west winds, which prevailed then, carried us in towards Patagonia.

At two p.m. we saw a sail on our larboard beam, and at four we made it out to be a large ship, steering our course, under single-reefed topsails. As soon as our captain saw what sail she was under, he set the fore top-gallant sail and flying jib; and the old whaler—for such his boats and short sail showed him to be—felt a little ashamed, and shook the reefs out of his topsails, but could do no more, for he had sent down his top-gallant masts off the Cape.

He ran down for us, and answered our hail as the whaleship *New England*, of Poughkeepsie, one hundred and twenty days from New York. The ship fell astern, and continued in sight during the night.

At eight o'clock we altered our course to the northward, bound for Juan Fernandez.

MONDAY, November 17th, was a black day in our calendar. At seven o'clock in the morning we

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST

By R. H. Dana

were aroused from a sound sleep by the cry of "All hands ahoy! a man overboard!"

This unwonted cry sent a thrill through the heart of every one, and hurrying on deck, we found the vessel hove flat aback, with all her studding-sails set; for the boy who was at the helm left it to throw something overboard, and the carpenter, who was an old sailor, knowing that the wind was light, put the helm down and hove her aback.

The watch on deck were lowering away the quarter-boat, and I got on deck just in time to heave myself into her as she was leaving the side; but it was not until out upon the wide Pacific in our little boat that I knew we had lost George Ballmer, a young English sailor, who was prized by the officers as an active and willing seaman, and by the crew as a lively, hearty fellow, and a good shipmate.

He was going aloft to fit a strap round the main topmast-head for ringtail halyards, and had the strap and block, a coil of halyards, and a marline-spike about his neck. He fell from the starboard futtock shrouds, and not knowing how to swim, and being heavily dressed, with all those things round his neck, he probably sank immediately.

We pulled astern in the direction in which he fell, and though we knew that there was no hope of saving him, yet no one wished to

speak of returning, and we rowed about for nearly an hour without the hope of doing anything, but unwilling to acknowledge to ourselves that we must give him up. At length we turned the boat's head and made towards the vessel.

Death is at all times solemn, but never so much so as at sea. When a man falls overboard at sea and is lost there is a suddenness in the event, and a difficulty in realising it, which give to it an air of awful mystery.

Then, too, at sea—to use a homely but expressive phrase—you miss a man so much. A dozen men are shut up together in a little bark upon the wide sea, and for months and months see no forms and hear no voices but their own, and one is taken suddenly from among them, and they miss him at every turn.

All these things make such a death peculiarly solemn, and the effect of it remains upon the crew for some time.

There is more kindness shown by the officers to the crew, and by the crew to one another. There is more quietness and seriousness. The officers are more watchful, and the crew go more carefully aloft.

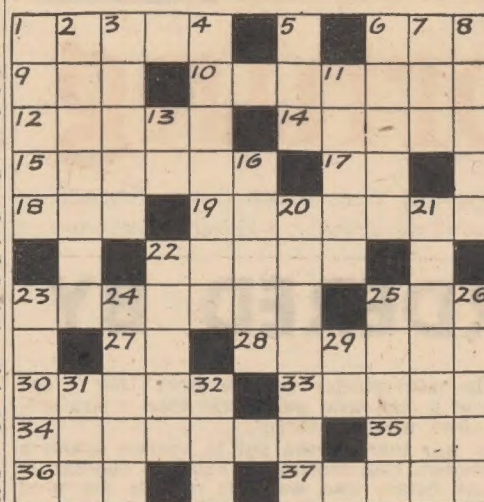
The lost man is seldom mentioned, or is dismissed with a sailor's rude eulogy—"Well, poor George is gone. His cruise is up soon. He knew his work, and did his duty, and was a good shipmate."

We had hardly returned on board with our sad report, before an auction was held of the poor man's clothes.

The captain had first, however, called all hands aft and asked them if they were satisfied that everything had been done to save the man, and if they thought there was any use in remaining there longer.

The crew all said that it was in vain for the man did not know how to swim, and was very heavily

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Two-footed animal.
- 6 Bark.
- 9 Bird.
- 10 Obliteration.
- 12 Dismay.
- 14 Dogs.
- 15 Davits.
- 17 Suffice.
- 18 Weeding tool.
- 19 Occupation.
- 22 English County.
- 23 Lives.
- 25 Fish.
- 27 Close to.
- 28 Withdraw.
- 30 Give guarantee.
- 33 Objectives.
- 34 Blue flower.
- 35 Born.
- 36 Sheltered side.
- 37 Ferment.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Shore.
- 2 Better.
- 3 Chrysalises.
- 4 Struck out.
- 5 Soft food.
- 6 N.W. Canada.
- 7 Exist.
- 8 Troublesome.
- 11 Old vehicle.
- 13 One.
- 16 Disjoin.
- 20 Bunch of flowers.
- 21 Boy's name.
- 22 Dike.
- 23 Vie with.
- 24 Relish.
- 25 Girl's name.
- 26 Hem in.
- 29 Towards.
- 31 Unity.
- 32 Cling to.

LISP MARVEL
INCUR SUAVE
GROPED SPED
HOW PETTING
TALL COLD E
D AFFIRE B
P RUED SALE
ADORNED LAX
LOBE DIVIDE
EMILY POKER
SENSES WEST

dressed. So we then filled away, and kept her off to her course.

The laws regulating navigation make the captain answerable for the effects of a sailor who dies during the voyage, and it is either a law or a universal custom, established for convenience, that the captain should immediately hold an auction of his things, in which they are bid off by the sailors, and the sums which they give are deducted from their wages at the end of the voyage.

Accordingly, we had no sooner got the ship before the wind than his chest was brought up upon the fore-castle, and the sale began.

The jackets and trousers in which we had seen him dressed but a few days before were exposed and bid off while the life was hardly out of his body, and his chest was taken aft and used as a storechest, so

that there was nothing left which could be called his.

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. An eagle is a hawk's nest, young badger, strong tide, high wind, waterspout, parson's collar, collie pup?
2. Who wrote (a) The Flower of Life, (b) The Psalm of Life?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Barberry, Betony, Broom, Barracoua, Burdock, Bur-reed.
4. What French General escaped from a prison in Germany in April, 1942?
5. What is the longest non-stop run on foot ever made?
6. What is a Purple Emperor?
7. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Obol, Obus, Obang, Obi, Oboe, Obit, Oboy.
8. Who knocked Carnera out of the Heavyweight Boxing Championship?
9. What two countries in South America have no sea coast?
10. What is a billet doux?
11. Pick out the spelling mistake in: The principle ingredient in usquebaugh is temporarily unobtainable.
12. How many composers can you think of whose names begin with G?

Answers to Quiz in No. 410

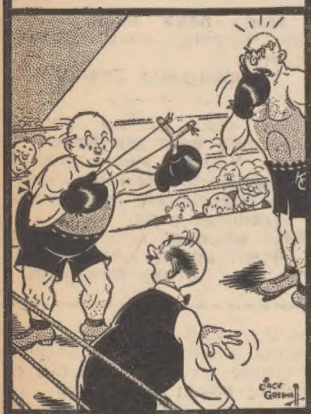
1. Cubic metre.
2. (a) Sutton Vane, (b) Fenimore Cooper.
3. Martingale is a piece of harness; others are articles of dress.
4. 1896
5. Yes; by E. H. Temme, 1934-5.
6. Badgers and foxes.
7. Odion.
8. 14-16 ounces.
9. Blake.
10. Mistletoe.
11. Oxygen atoms arranged in groups of three instead of two.
12. G. F. Handel, G. P. Telemann, G. H. Pachelbel, G. J. Vivaldi, G. B. Pergolesi, G. E. Schubert, G. F. Haendel, G. P. Telemann, G. H. Pachelbel, G. J. Vivaldi, G. B. Pergolesi, G. E. Schubert.

Is Newcombe's Short odd—But true

Tune of the American anthem, "Star-Spangled Banner," was written by English composer Charles Dibdin in honour of Lord Nelson.

Steam printing, invented by the German Konig, was first used by Mr. John Walter, of "The Times" newspaper, in 1814. This press printed 1,100 sheets an hour.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Blimey, ref! Ain't you 'eard of elastic defence—?"

WANGLING WORDS—350

1. Put pursue in PURR and get a buyer.
2. In the following first line of a nursery rhyme, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Prides oyu dasi het het of ylf pourral ym tion lawk town.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change ARMY into NAVY and then back again into ARMY, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the two hidden foods in: If I shut the window, so, up goes the temperature.

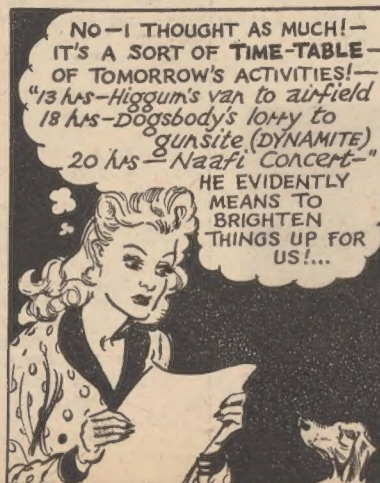
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 349

1. CAlendAR.
2. Good King Wenceslas looked out.
3. SIX, sex, set, met, men, TEN, tin, fin, fix, SIX.
4. Or-chid, Da-is-y.

JANE



SOMEHOW I'VE GOT A FEELING THIS ISN'T JUST A LIST OF PLACES MR JACKSON IS GOING TO VISIT WITH HIS AUSTRERITY CORSETS...



NO—I THOUGHT AS MUCH!—IT'S A SORT OF TIME-TABLE—OF TOMORROW'S ACTIVITIES!—
"13 hrs—Higgum's van to airfield
18 hrs—Dogsbody's lorry to gunsite (DYNAMITE)
20 hrs—Naazi Concert—"
HE EVIDENTLY MEANS TO BRIGHTEN THINGS UP FOR US!...

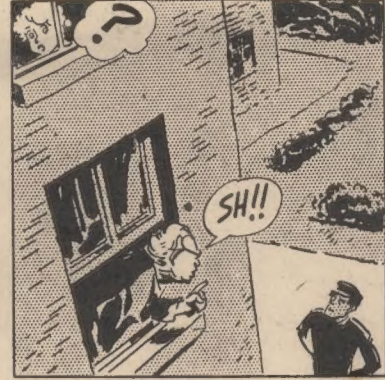


—EITHER OUR CONCERT—OR THE GUNSITE—OUGHT TO GO OFF WITH A BANG—IF THIS BAG IS FULL OF DYNAMITE!!!

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

THE DOCTOR.

IT is a surprising but little realised fact that doctors are among the least civic-minded of citizens. During his training the medical student learns almost nothing about the structure of society. He leaves school at 17 or 18 and at once begins to turn into a technologist. . . . It is virtually true to say that the young doctor of to-day leaves his hospital knowing a great deal about the human body, a little about the human mind (and most of that about the mind diseased), and almost nothing of the social and economic environment in which he and his patients live.

Gordon Malet.

LETTING OFF STEAM.

MANKIND wants periodical occasions for letting off steam, and those people who know more about the art of living than we do, for example, the Mediterranean peoples, with such institutions as Mardi Gras, Micareme . . . gave human beings the opportunity for taking off the collars and blinkers through which they have to go through most of their lives, and behaving for once like their own free, unconstrained natural selves. Provide safety valves for the letting-off of steam and people won't blow up so much in their ordinary lives.

Professor C. E. M. Joad.

TWENTY YEARS HENCE.

NOT until the post-war period has been passed are we likely to know whether the world has reached a more or less settled peace such as prevailed in the nineteenth century, or whether the post-war period has become a pre-war period as it did between 1931, when Japan seized Manchuria, and 1933, when Hitler rose to power. Our great task in all fields of endeavour is to manage this post-war period so that 15 or 20 years hence political relations are essentially stable and economic conditions are workable. If we succeed, we may pitch high our hopes and look confidently upon plans for collaboration among the free peoples.

Walter Lippmann.

FARMING.

FARMING is the only job in the world which must go on always. A day or two lost in a factory means less automobiles or planes, and that's important. But a day or two lost on a farm may mean that the whole year's food supply is gone.

Ralph Wightman.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

OF recent years it has become more and more difficult to secure the best type of men and women for service as members of local government bodies. The minor authorities have too little real responsibility to attract serious people in the numbers required, and the major authorities are so burdened with detailed administration that few men and women, unless they have "had their day" or have no other occupation, can afford the necessary time.

Sir Harold Webbe, M.P.

U.S.A. AND US.

WE hold our forks differently when we eat. And we pronounce words a little differently when we speak. And we have different ideas about how to keep warm in winter and how hot is a "heat wave" in July. And we like our beer at a different temperature. And these small matters of manners and customs may have more effect on history than trade rivalries or power jealousies. . . . Millions of men and women who would be happy to feel kindly about each other will be condemned to feel distrustful unless we can learn to surmount such silly matters as what hand you hold your fork in or how to pronounce "Shaftesbury Avenue."

Ambassador J. G. Winant.

THE GERMAN HERD.

THE small minority of Germans who really do believe in violence and cruelty are able at stated intervals to infect the mass of their compatriots with the poisons of jealousy and rage; and the great German masses, possessing little moral or civic courage, are apt during these periods of infection to behave with a corporate immorality which bears no relation to their individual morality in their private lives. It is from this that arises the paradox, which even Goethe noticed, that the Germans, while often admirable as individuals, are apt to behave outrageously as a herd.

Harold Nicolson.

NO MORE LAISSEZ-FAIRE.

WE have corporately decided that what we want before all is to utterly lam the Germans and bumbaste Hitler's posterior. To this end prodigies of planning and organisation are now being devoted with conspicuous success. Only the very dumb can believe that the minute this desirable end is achieved all this concerted, organised activity must stop, the works of the watch must be taken to pieces, everything be reversed as much as possible and laissez-faire become our watchword.

George Richards.

Good Morning

A dog's life. As tried by a playful racoon.



This England

A field of poppies and corn. A summer landscape in Nottinghamshire.



★
Marie Montez brings Spanish charm to Hollywood. Now why does Hollywood get this kind of lucky luck?
★



"What a long time you are taking to catch that bubble. I must have sent it almost to the sky, you know!"



Look, brother. I got this fish, so please leave my beak alone!"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Such greed drives me crackers."

